

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of yneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be handg.

*Prince* Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leavers to list me vp againe being downe? zbloudile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolied.

*Fals.* I prethee good prince Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prince* Out you rogue, shal I be your Ostler

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poison: when jeast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poynes* O tis our fetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar:* Case yee, case yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad:* Theres enough to make vs all.

*Fals:* To be handg.

*Prince* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encoun-

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto:* But how many be they of them?

*Gad:* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals:* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince* Whatia coward sir *John Pawnch*?

*Fals:* Indeede I am not *John of Gant* your grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

*Prince* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynes* Sirra lacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell, & stand fast.

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be handg.

*Prince* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynes* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fals:* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the Trauellers*

*Trauel:* Come neighbor, the boy shall leade our horses downe the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legges.

*Theeues* Stand.

*Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horseforn caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Trauel:* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

*Fals:* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must lue, you are grand jurors, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

*Exeunt*

*Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince* The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it woulde be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for euer.

*Poynes* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals:* Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not twoo arrand cowardes, theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes; than in a wilde ducke.

*Prince*